



Robert THE Murray

L I F E

A N D

O P I N I O N S

O F

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

*Dixero si quid forte jocosius, hoc inibi juris
Cum venia dabis.*

HOR.

— *Si quis calumniatur levius esse quam decet theolo-
gum, aut mordacius quam deceat Christianum—
non Ego, sed Democritus dixit.*— ERASMUS.

*Si quis Clericus, aut Monachus, verba jocularia, ri-
sum morventia serat anathema esto*

Second Council of CARTHAGE.

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MDCCLXXIII.

THE
OPINIONS

OF



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To the Right Honourable

J O H N,

Lord Viscount SPENCER.

MY LORD,

I Humbly beg leave to offer you these two Volumes; they are the best my talents, with such bad health as I have, could produce: ---had Providence granted me a larger stock of either, they had been a much more proper present to your Lordship.

DEDICATION.

I beg your Lordship will forgive me, if, at the same time I dedicate this work to you, I join Lady SPENCER, in the liberty I take of inscribing the story of *Le Fever* in the sixth volume to her name; for which I have no other motive, which my heart has informed me of, but that the story is a humane one.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most devoted,

And most humble Servant,

LAUR. STERNE.

T H E
LIFE and OPINIONS
O F
TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

C H A P. I.

IF it had not been for these two mettlesome

 tits, and that madcap of a postillion, who
 drove them from Stilton to Stamford, the
 thought had never entered my head. He
 flew like lightning—there was a slope of
 three miles and a half ———we scarce touched the
 ground—the motion was most rapid—most impetuous
 —’twas communicated to my brain—my heart partook
 of it—“By the great God of Day,” said I, looking
 towards the sun, and thrusting my arm out of the fore-
 window of the chaise, as I made a vow, “I will lock
 up my study door the moment I get home, and throw
 the key of it ninety feet below the surface of the earth,
 into the draw well at the back of my house.”

The London waggon confirmed me in my resoluti-
 on: it hung tottering upon the hill, scarce progressive,
 drag’d—drag’d up by eight *heavy beasts*—“by main
 strength!” quoth I, nodding—but your betters draw the
 same way—and something of every bodies!—O rare!”

Tell me, ye learned, sha ll we for ever be adding so
 much to the *bulk*——so little to the *stock*?

Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries
 make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel
 into another?

Are we for ever to be twirling, and untwirling the same rope? for ever in the same track—for ever at the same pace?

Shall we be destined to the days of eternity, on holy-days, as well as working-days, to be shewing the *relics of learning*, as monks do the relics of their saints—without working one—one single miracle with them?

Who made MAN, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment—that great, that most excellent and most noble creature of the world—the *miracle* of nature, as Zoroaster in his book *εἰς φύσιν* called him—the SHEKINAH of the divine preience, as Chrysostom—the *image* of God, as Moses—the *ray* of divinity, as Plato—the *marvel* of *marvels*, as Aristotle—to go sneaking on at this pitiful—pimping—petti-fogging rate?

I scorn to be as abusive as Horace upon the occasion—but if there is no catachresis in the wish, and no sin in it, I wish from my soul, that every imitator in *Great Britain, France, and Ireland*, had the farcy for his pains; and that there was a good farcical house, large enough to hold—aye—and sublimate them *stag-rag and bob tail*, male and female, all together: and this leads me to the affair of *Whiskers*—but, by what chain of ideas—I leave as a legacy in *most main* to Prudes and Tartuffs, to enjoy and make the most of.

Upon Whiskers.

I am sorry I made it—'twas as inconsiderate a promise as ever entered a man's head—A chapter upon whiskers! alas! the world will not bear it—'tis a delicate word—but I knew not of what metal it was made—nor had I ever seen the underwritten fragment; otherwise, as surely as noses are noses, and whiskers are whiskers still; (let the world say what it will to the contrary) so surely would I have steered clear of this dangerous chapter.

The Fragment.

.....

—You are half asleep, my good lady, said the old gentleman, taking hold of the old lady's hand and giving

giving it a gentle squeeze, as he pronounced the word *Whiskers*——shall we change the subject? By no means, replied the old lady——I like your account of these matters: so throwing a thin gauze handkerchief over her head, and leaning it back upon the chair with her face turned towards him, and advancing her two feet as she reclined herself——I desire, continued she, you will go on.

The old gentleman went on as follows.

——Whiskers! cried the queen of *Navarre*, dropping her knotting-ball, as *La Fosseuse*, uttered the word——Whiskers? madam, said *La Fosseuse*, pinning the ball to the queen's apron, and making a courtesy as she repeated it.

La Fosseuse's voice was naturally soft and low, yet 'twas an articulate voice: and every letter of the word *whiskers* fell distinctly upon the queen of *Navarre's* ear——Whiskers! cried the queen, laying a greater stress upon the word, and as if she had still distrusted her ears——Whiskers! replied *La Fosseuse*, repeating the word a third time——There is not a cavalier, madam, of his age in *Navarre*, continued the maid of honour, pressing the page's interest upon the queen, that has so gallant a pair——Of what? cried *Margaret*, smiling——Of whiskers, said *La Fosseuse*, with infinite modesty.

The word whiskers still stood its ground, and continued to be made use of in most of the best companies throughout the little kingdom of *Navarre*, notwithstanding the indiscreet use which *La Fosseuse* had made of it: the truth was, *La Fosseuse* had pronounced the word, not only before the queen, but upon sundry other occasions at court with an accent which always implied something of a mystery——And as the court of *Margaret*, as all the world knows, was at that time a mixture of gallantry and devotion——and whiskers being as applicable to the one as to the other, the word naturally stood its ground——it gained full as much as it lost; that is, the clergy were for it——the laity were against it——and for the women,——they were *divided*——

The excellency of the figure and the mien of the young *Sieur de Croix*, was at that time beginning to draw the

attention of the maids of honour towards the terrace before the palace gate, where the guard was mounted; The lady *de Bauffiere* fell deeply in love with him——*la Battarelle* did the same—it was the finest weather for it, that ever was remembered in *Navarre*——*La Guyol*, *La Maronette*, *La Sabatiere* fell in love with the *Sieur de Croix* also——*La Rebours* and *La Fosseuse* knew better——*De Croix* had failed in an attempt to recommend himself to *La Rebours*, and *La Rebours* and *La Fosseuse* were inseparable.

The queen of *Navarre* was sitting with her ladies in the painted bow-window, facing the gate of the second court, as *Le Croix* passed through it. He is handsome, said the Lady *Bauffiere*——He has a good mien, said *La Battarelle*——He is finely shaped, said *La Guyol*——I never saw an officer of the horse guards in my life, said *La Maronette*, with two such legs——Or who stood so well upon them, said *La Sabatiere*——But he has no whiskers cried *La Fosseuse*——Not a pile said, *La Rebours*.

The queen went directly to her oratory, musing all the way, as she walked through the gallery, upon the subject; turning it this way and that way in her fancy——*Ave Maria*!——what can *La Fosseuse* mean? said she, kneeling down upon the cushion.

La Guyol, *La Battarelle*, *La Maronette*, *La Sabatiere*, retired instantly to their chambers——Whiskers! said all four of them to themselves, as they bolted their doors on the inside.

The Lady *Carnavalette* was counting her beads with both hands, unsuspected under her farthingal—from *St. Antony* down to *St. Ursula* inclusive, not a saint passed through her fingers without whiskers; *St. Francis*, *St. Dominick*, *St. Bennet*, *St. Basil*, *St. Bridget*, had all whiskers.

The Lady *Bauffiere* had got into a wilderness of conceits with moralizing too intricately upon *La Fosseuse*'s text——She mounted her palfrey, her page followed her——the host passed by——the Lady *Bauffiere* rode on.

One denier, cried, the order of mercy——one single denier, in behalf of a thousand patient captives, whose eyes look towards heaven and you for their redemption.

——The

—The Lady *Bauffiere* rode on.

Pity the unhappy, said a devout venerable, hoary-headed, man meekly holding up a box, begirt with iron in his withered hands—I beg for the unfortunate—good, my lady, 'tis for a prison—for an hospital—'tis for an old man—a poor man undone by shipwreck, by suretiship, by fire—I call God and all his angels to witness—'tis to cloath the naked—to feed the hungry—'tis to comfort the sick and the broken hearted.

—The Lady *Bauffiere* rode on.

A decayed kinsman bowed himself to the ground.

—The Lady *Bauffiere*, rode on.

He ran begging bare-headed on one side of her palfry, conjuring her by the former bonds of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, &c.—Cousin, aunt, sister, mother—for virtue's sake, for your own, for mine, for Christ's sake remember me—pity me.

—The Lady *Bauffiere* rode on.

Take hold of my whiskers, said the Lady *Bauffiere*—The page laid hold of her palfry. She dismounted at the end of the terrace.

There are some trains of certain ideas which leave prints of themselves about our eyes and eye brows; and there is a consciousness of it somewhere about the heart, which serves but to make these etchings the stronger—we see, spell, and put them together without a dictionary.

Ha, ha! he, hee! cried *La Guyol* and *La Sabatiere*, looking close at each others prints—Ho, ho! cried *La Battarelle* and *Maronette*, doing the same:—Whist! cried one—st, st, said a second—hush, quoth a third—poo, poo, replied a fourth—gramarcy! cried the Lady *Carnavalette*;—'twas she who bewhisker'd *St. Bridget*.

La Fosseuse drew her bodkin from the knot of her hair, and having traced the outline of a small whisker with the blunt end of it, upon one side of her upper lip, put it into *La Rebours's* hand—*La Rebours* shook her head.

The Lady *Bauffiere* cough'd thrice into the inside of her muff—*La Guyol* smiled—Fy, said the Lady *Bauffiere*.

ere. The queen of *Navarre* touched her eye with the tip of her fore finger—as much as to say, I understand you all.

'Twas plain to the whole court the word was ruined: *La Fosseuse* had given it a wound, and it was not the better for passing through all the defiles—It made a faint stand however, for a few months; by the expiration of which, the *Sieur de Croix*, finding it high time to leave *Navarre* for want of whiskers—the word in course became indecent, and (after a few efforts) absolutely unfit for use.

The best word, in the best language of the best world, must have suffered under such combinations—The curate of *d'Estella* wrote a book against them, setting forth the dangers of accessory ideas, and warning the *Navarois* against them.

Does not all the world know, said the curate *d'Estella* at the conclusion of his work, that noses ran the same fate some centuries ago in most parts of *Europe*, which whiskers have now done in the kingdom of *Navarre*—The evil indeed spread no further then;—but have not beds and bolsters, and night-caps and chamber-pots stood upon the brink of destruction ever since? Are not trouse and placket-holes, and pump-handles—and spigots and faucets, in danger still from the same association?—Chastity, by nature the gentlest of all affections—give it but its head—'tis like a ramping and a roaring lion.

The drift of the curate *d'Estella's* argument was not understood—They ran the scent the wrong way—The world bridled his ass at the tail—And when the extremes of DELICACY and the beginnings of CONCUPISCENCE, hold their next provincial chapter together, they may decree that bawdy also.

CHAP. II.

WHEN my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my brother *Bobby's* death, he was busy calculating the expence of his riding post from *Calais* to *Paris*, and so on to *Lyons*.

'Twas

'Twas a most inauspicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afresh, when he almost got to the end of it, by *Obadiab's* opening the door to acquaint him the family was out of yeast—and to ask whether he might not take the great coach-horse early in the morning, and ride in search of some.—With all my heart *Obadiab*, said my father, [pursuing his journey]—take the coach horse, and welcome.—But he wants a shoe, poor creature! said *Obadiab*.—Poor creature! said my uncle *Toby*, vibrating the note back again, like a string in unison. Then ride the *Scotch* horse, quoth my father hastily.—He cannot bear a saddle upon his back, quoth *Obadiab* for the whole world.—The devil's in that horse; then take *PATRIOT*, cried my father, and shut the door.—*PATRIOT* is sold, said *Obadiab*.—Here's for you! cried my father, making a pause, and looking in my uncle *Toby's* face, as if the thing had not been a matter of fact.—Your worship ordered me to sell him last *April*, said *Obadiab*.—Then go on foot for your pains, cried my father.—I had much rather walk than ride, said *Obadiab* shutting the door.

What plagues! cried my father, going on with his calculation.—But the waters are out, said *Obadiab*,—opening the door.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of *Sanfon's* and a book of the post roads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compasses, with one foot of them fixed upon *Newers*, the last stage he had paid for—purposing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as soon as *Obadiab* quitted the room; but this second attack of *Obadiab's* in opening the door and laying the whole country under water, was too much—He let go his compasses—or rather with a mixed motion betwixt accident and anger, he threw them upon the table; and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to *Calais* (like many others) as wise as he had set out.

When the letter was brought into the parlour, which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had
got

got forwards again upon his journey, to within a stride of the compasses of the very same stage of *Nevers*.—By your leave, *Monf. Sanfon*, cried my father, striking the point of his compasses through *Nevers* into the table—and nodding to my uncle *Toby*, to see what was in the letter,—twice of one night is too much for an *English* gentleman and his son, *Monf. Sanfon*, to be turned back from so lousy a town as *Nevers*—what think'st thou, *Toby* added my father in a sprightly tone.—Unless it be a garrison town, said my uncle *Toby*,—for then—I shall be a fool, said my father, smiling to himself, as long as I live.—So giving a second nod—and keeping his compasses still upon *Nevers* with one hand, and holding his book of the post-roads in the other—half calculating and half listening, he leaned forwards upon the table with both elbows, as my uncle *Toby* hummed over the letter.

————— he's gone!
 said my uncle *Toby*—Where—Who? cried my father.—My nephew; said my uncle *Toby*.—What without leave—without money—without governor? cried my father in amazement. No:—he is dead, my dear brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*—Without being ill? cried my father again.—I dare say not, said my uncle *Toby*, in a low voice, and fetching a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart, he has been ill enough, poor lad? I'll answer for him——for he is dead.

When *Agrippina* was told of her son's death, *Tacitus* informs us, that not being able to moderate the violence of her passions, she abruptly broke off her work—My father struck his compasses into *Nevers*, but so much the faster.—What contrarieties! his, indeed, was matter of calculation—*Agrippina's* must have been quite a different affair; who else could pretend to reason from history?

How my father went on, in my opinion, deserves a chapter to itself.————

C H A P. III.

————— And a chapter it shall have,
 and a devil of a one too——so look to yourselves.

'Tis

'Tis either *Plato*, or *Plutarch*, or *Seneca*, or *Xenophon*, or *Epicætus*, or *Theophrastus*, or *Lucian*.—or some one perhaps of later date—either *Cardan* or *Bucæus*, or *Petrarch* or *Stella*—or possibly it may be from some divine or father of the church, *St. Austin*, or *St. Cyprian*, or *Bernard*, who affirms, that it is an irresistible and natural passion to weep for the loss of our friends or children—and *Seneca* [I'm positive] tells us some where, that such griefs evacuate themselves by that particular channel—And accordingly we find, that *David* wept for his son *Absalom*—*Adrian* for his *Antinus*—*Niobe* for her children, and that *Apollodorus* and *Crito* both shed tears for *Socrates* before his death.

My father managed his affliction otherwise; and indeed differently from most men either ancient or modern; for he neither wept it away, as the *Hebrews* and the *Romans*—or slept it off, as the *Laplanders*—or hang'd it, as the *English*,—or drowned it, as the *Germans*—nor did he curse it, or damn it, or excommunicate it, or rhyme it, or lillabullero it.——

He got rid of it however.

Will your worships give me leave to squeeze in a story between these two pages?

When *Tully* was bereft of his dear daughter *Tullia*, at first he laid it to his heart,—he listened to the voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it.—O my *Tullia*! my daughter! my child!—still, still, still,—'twas O my *Tullia*! my *Tullia*! Methinks I see my *Tullia*, I hear my *Tullia*, I talk with my *Tullia*.—But as soon as he began to look into the stores of philosophy, and consider how many excellent things might be said upon the occasion—no body upon earth can conceive, says the great orator, how happy, how joyful it made me.

My father was as proud of his eloquence as *MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO* could be for his life, and for aught I am convinced of to the contrary at present, with as much reason: it was indeed his strength—and his weakness too.—His strength—for he was by nature eloquent,—and his weakness—for he was hourly a dupe to it;—and provided an occasion in life would but permit him to shew his talents, or say either a
wife

wise thing, a witty, or a shrewd one——(bating the case of a systematick misfortune)——he had all he wanted.—A blessing which tied up my father's tongue, and a misfortune which set it loose with a good grace, were pretty equal: sometimes, indeed, the misfortune was the better of the two: for instance, where the pleasure of the harangue was as *ten*, and the gain of the misfortune but as *five*—my father gained half in half, and consequently was as well again off, as if it never had befallen him.

This clue will unravel, what otherwise would seem very inconsistent in my father's domestic character; and it is this, that in the provocations arising from the neglects and blunders of servants, or other mishaps unavoidable in a family, his anger, or rather, the duration of it, eternally ran counter to all conjecture.

My father had a favourite little mare, which he had consigned over to a most beautiful Arabian horse, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding: he was sanguine in all his projects; so talked about his pad every day with as absolute a security, as if it had been reared, broke,—and bridled and saddled at his door ready for mounting. By some neglect or other in *Obadiab* it so fell out, that my father's expectations were answered with nothing better than a mule, and as ugly a beast of the kind as ever was produced.

My mother and my uncle *Toby* expected my father would be the death of *Obadiab*—and that there never would be an end of the disaster.—See here! you rascal, cried my father, pointing to the mule, what you have done!—It was not me, said *Obadiab*.—How do I know that? replied my father.

Triumph swam in my father's eyes, at the repartee—the *Attic* salt brought water into them—and so *Obadiab* heard no more about it.

Now let us go back to my brother's death.

Philosophy has a fine saying for every thing—For *Death* it has an entire set; the misery was, they all at once rushed into my father's head, that 'twas difficult to string them together, so as to make any thing of a consistent shew out of them—He took them as they came.

" 'Tis an inevitable chance—the first statute in
 " *Magna Charta*—it is an everlasting act of parlia-
 " ment, my dear brother,—*All must die.*

" If my son could not have died, it had been mat-
 " ter of wonder,—not that he is dead."

" Monarchs and princes dance in the same ring
 " with us."

" —*To die*, is the great debt and tribute due unto
 " nature : tombs and monuments, which should per-
 " petuate our memories, pay it themselves ; and the
 " proudest pyramid of them all, which wealth
 " and science have erected, has lost its apex, and
 " stands obtruncated in the traveller's horizon." (My
 " father found he got great ease, and went on)—" King-
 " doms and provinces and towns and cities, have they
 " not their periods ? and when those principles and
 " powers, which at first cemented and put them to-
 " gether, have performed their several evolutions,
 " they fall back,"—Brother *Shandy*, said my uncle
Toby, laying down his pipe at the word *evolutions*—
 " *Revolutions*, I meant, quoth my father—by heaven !
 " I meant *revolutions*, brother *Toby*—*evolutions* is
 " nonsense—" 'Tis not nonsense—said my uncle *Toby*—
 " But is it not nonsense to break the thread of such a
 " discourse, upon such an occasion ? cried my father—
 " do not—dear *Toby*, continued he, taking him by the
 " hand, do not—do not I beseech thee, interrupt me at
 " this crisis.—My uncle *Toby* put his pipe into his mouth.

" Where is *Troy* and *Mycenæ*, and *Thebes* and *Delos*,
 " and *Persepolis*, and *Agrigentum*?"—continued my fa-
 " ther, taking up his book of post roads, which he had
 " laid down—" What is become brother *Toby*, of
 " *Nineveh*, and *Babylon*, of *Cyzicum* and *Mitylenæ* ?
 " the fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon, are
 " now no more : the names only are left, and those
 " (for many of them are wrong spell) are falling
 " themselves by piecemals to decay, and in length
 " of time will be forgotten, and involved with every
 " thing in a perpetual night : the world itself, brother
 " *Toby*, must—must come to an end."

" Returning out of *Asia*, when I sailed from *Aegina*

“ towards *Megara*,” (*when can this have been? thought my uncle Toby.*) “ I began to view the country round about. *Ægina* was behind me, *Megara* was before, *Pyreus* on the right hand, *Corinth* on the left. —What flourishing towns now prostrate upon the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his presence. —Remember, said I to myself again—remember thou art a man.” —

Now my uncle *Toby* knew not that this last paragraph was an extract of *Servius Sulpicius*’s consolatory letter to *Tully*—He had as little skill, honest man, in the fragments, as he had in the whole pieces of antiquity.—And as my father whilst he was concerned in the *Turkey* trade, had been three or four different times in the *Levant*, in one of which he had staid a whole year and a half at *Zant*, my uncle *Toby* naturally concluded, that in some one of these periods he had taken a trip across the *Archipelago* into *Asia*; and that all this sailing affair with *Ægina* behind, and *Megara* before, and *Pyreus* on the right hand, &c. &c. was nothing more than the true course of my father’s voyage and reflections.—’Twas certainly in his manner, and many an undertaking critick would have built two stories higher upon worse foundations.—And pray, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*, laying the end of his pipe upon my father’s hand in a kindly way of interruption—but waiting till he finished the account—what year of our Lord was this?—’Twas no year of our Lord, replied my father—That’s impossible, cried my uncle *Toby*.—Simpleton! said my father—’twas forty years before Christ was born.

My uncle *Toby* had but two things for it; either to suppose his brother to be the wandering *Jew*, or that his misfortunes had disordered his brain.—“ May the Lord God of heaven and earth protect him and restore him,” said my uncle *Toby*, praying silently for my father, and with tears in his eyes.

—My father placed the tears to a proper account, and went on with his harangue with great spirit.

“ There is not such great odds, brother *Toby*, be-

“ TWIXT

"twixt good and evil, as the world imagines"—(this way of letting off, by the bye, was not likely to cure my uncle *Toby's* suspicions.)—"Labour, sorrow, grief, sickness, want, and woe, are the sauces of life."—Much good may do them—said my uncle *Toby* to himself.—

"My son is dead!—so much the better;—'tis a shame in such a tempest to have but one anchor."

"But he is gone for ever from us!—be it so. He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald.—he is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited—from a banquet before he had got drunken."

"The *Thracians* wept when a child was born"—(and we were very near it quoth my uncle *Toby*)—

"and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world; and with reason.—Death opens the gate of fame, and shuts the gate of envy after it,—it unloosens the chain of the captive, and puts the bondsman's task into another man's hands."

"Shew me the man, who knows what life is, who dreads it, and I'll shew thee a prisoner who dreads his liberty."

Is it not better, my dear brother *Toby*, (for mark—our appetites are but diseases)—is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat?—not to thirst, than to take physic to cure it?

Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues, from love and melancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life, than, like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afresh?

There is no terror, brother *Toby*, in its looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulsions—and the blowing of noses, and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains in a dying man's room.—Strip it of these, what is it?—"Tis better in battle than in bed, said my uncle *Toby*.—Take away its hearses, its mutes, and its mourning,—its plumes, scutcheons, and other mechanic aids—What is it?—*Better in battle!* continued my father, smiling, for he had absolutely forgot my brother *Bobby*—'tis terrible no way—
—for

—for consider, brother *Toby*, when—we *are*—death is *not*;—and when death *is*—we are *not*. My uncle *Toby* laid down his pipe to consider the proposition; my father's eloquence was too rapid to stay for any man—away it went,—and hurried my uncle *Toby's* ideas along with it.——

For this reason, continued my father, 'tis worthy to recollect, how little alteration in great men, the approaches of death have made—*Vespasian* died in a jest upon his close-stool—*Galba* with a sentence—*Septimus Severus* in a dispatch—*Tiberius* in dissimulation, and *Cæsar Augustus* in a compliment.——I hope, 'twas a sincere one——quoth my uncle *Toby*.

——'Twas to his wife,—said my father.

C H A P. IV.

—And lastly—for of all the choice anecdotes which history can produce of this matter, continued my father,—this, like the gilded dome which covers in the fabrick——crowns all——

'Tis of *Cornelius Gallus*, the prætor—which, I dare say, brother *Toby*, you have read—I dare say I have not, replied my uncle.—He died said my father, as
* * * * *

—And if it was his wife, said my uncle *Toby*——there could be no hurt in it:—That's more than I know—replied my father.

C H A P. V.

MY mother was going very gingerly in the dark along the passage which led to the parlour, as my uncle *Toby* pronounced the word *wife*.—'Tis a shrill, penetrating sound of itself, and *Obadiab* had helped it by leaving the door a little a-jar, so that my mother heard enough of it, to imagine herself the subject of the conversation, so laying the edge of her finger across her two lips——holding in her breath, and bending her head a little downwards, with a twist of her neck—(not towards the door, but from it, by which

which means her ear was brought to the chink)—she listened with all her powers:—the listening slave, with the Goddess of Silence at his back, could not have given a finer thought for an intaglio.

In this attitude I am determined to let her stand for five minutes: till I bring up the affairs of the kitchen (as *Rapin* does those of the church) to the same period.

C H A P. VI.

THOUGH, in one sense, our family was certainly a simple machine, as it consisted of a few wheels; yet there was thus much to be said for it, that these wheels were set in motion by so many different springs, and acted one upon the other from such a variety of strange principles and impulses,—that though it was a simple machine, it had all the honour and advantages of a complex one,—and a number of as odd movements within it, as ever were behind in the inside of a *Dutch* silk-mill.

Amongst these there was one, I am going to speak of, in which, perhaps, it was not altogether so singular, as in many others; and it was this, that whatever motion, debate, harangue, dialogue, project, or dissertation, was going forwards in the parlour, there was generally another at the same time, and upon the same subject, running parallel along with it in the kitchen.

Now to bring this about, whenever an extraordinary message, or letter, was delivered in the parlour,—or a discourse suspended till a servant went out—or the lines of discontent were observed to hang upon the brows of my father or mother—or, in short, when any thing was supposed to be upon the tapis worth knowing or listening to, 'twas the rule to leave the door, not absolutely shut, but somewhat a-jar—as it stands just now,—which, under covert of the bad hinge, and that possibly might be one of the many reasons why it was never mended, it was not difficult to manage; by which means, in all these cases,

cases, a passage was generally left, not indeed as wide as the *Dardanells*, but wide enough, for all that, to carry on as much of this windward trade, as was sufficient to save my father the trouble of governing his house;—my mother at this moment stands profiting by it—*Obadiab* did the same thing, as soon as he had left the letter upon the table, which brought the news of my brother's death; so that before my father had well got over his surprize, and entered upon his harangue—had *Trim* got upon his legs, to speak his sentiments upon the subject.

A curious observer of nature, had he been worth the inventory of all *Job's* stock—though, by the bye, *your curious observers are seldom worth a groat*—

would have given the half of it to have heard Corporal *Trim* and my father, two orators so contrasted by nature and education, haranguing over the same bier.

My father a man of deep reading—prompt memory—with *Cato*, and *Seneca*, and *Epictetus*, at his fingers ends.——

The corporal—with nothing—to remember——of no deeper reading than his muster-roll——or greater names at his fingers end, than the contents of it.

The one, proceeding from period to period, by metaphor and allusion, and striking the fancy as he went along, (as men of wit and fancy do) with the entertainment and pleasantry of his pictures and images.

The other, without wit or antithesis, or point, or turn, this way or that; but leaving the images on one side, and the pictures on the other, going strait forwards as nature could lead him, to the heart. O *Trim*! would to heaven thou had'st a better historian!——— would!——— thy historian had a better pair of breeches———O ye criticks! will nothing melt you?

CHAP. VII.

———My young master in *London* is dead! said *Obadiab*.———

———A green

—A green sattin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which *Obadiab's* exclamation brought into *Susannab's* head.—Well might *Locke* write a chapter upon the imperfections of words.—Then, quoth *Susannab*, we must all go into mourning—But note a second time: the word *mourning*, notwithstanding *Susannab* made use of it herself—failed also of doing its office; it excited not one single idea, tinged either with grey or black,—all was green.—The green sattin night-gown hung there still.

—O! 'twill be the death of my poor mistress, cried *Susannab*.—My mother's whole wardrobe followed.—What a procession! her red damask,—her orange-tawny,—her white and yellow-lutestrings,—her brown taffata,—her bone-laced caps, her bed-gowns, and comfortable under-petticoats.—Not a rag was left behind.—“No,—*she will never look up again*,” said *Susannab*.

We had a fat foolish scullion—my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity;—she had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy.—He is dead!—said *Obadiab*,—he is certainly dead!—so am not I, said the foolish scullion.

—Here is sad news, *Trim*! cried *Susannab*, wiping her eyes as *Trim* step'd into the kitchen,—master *Bobby* is dead and buried,—the funeral was an interpolation of *Susannab's*, we shall have all to go into mourning, said *Susannab*.

I hope not, said *Trim*.—You hope not, cried *Susannab* earnestly.—The mourning ran not in *Trim's* head, whatever it did in *Susannab's*.—I hope—said *Trim*, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is not true. I heard the letter read with my own ears, answered *Obadiab*; and we shall have a terrible piece of work of it in stubbing the ox-moor.—Oh! he's dead, said *Susannab*.—As sure, said the scullion, as I am alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my soul, said *Trim*, fetching a sigh.—Poor creature!—poor boy! poor gentleman!

—He was alive last *Whitsuntide*, said the coachman.
—*Whitsuntide*! alas! cried *Trim*, extending his right

right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon,—what is *Whitsuntide*, *Jonathán*, (for that was the coach man's name) or *Sbrouetide*, or any tide or time past, to this? Are we not here now, continued the corporal, (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability—and are we not,—(dropping his hat down upon the ground) gone in a moment!—'Twas infinitely striking! *Susannah* burst into a flood of tears—We are not stocks and stones—*Jonathán*, *Obadiab*, the cook-maid, all melted.—The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was roused with it.—The whole kitchen crowded about the corporal.

Now as I perceive plainly, that the preservation of our constitution in church and state,—and possibly the preservation of the whole world—or what is the same thing, the distribution and balance of its property and power, may in time to come depend greatly upon the right understanding of this stroke of the corporal's eloquence—I do demand your attention—your worships and reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, shall sleep for it at your ease.

I said, “we were not stocks and stones,”—’tis very well. I should have added, nor are we angels, I wish we were,—but men cloathed with bodies, and governed by our imaginations;—and what a junketing piece of work of it there is, betwixt these and our seven senses, especially some of them, for my own part I own it, I am ashamed to confess. Let it suffice to affirm, that of all the senses, the eye, (for I absolutely deny the touch, though most of your *Barbati*, I know, are for it) has the quickest commerce with the soul,—gives a smarter stroke, and leaves something more inexpressible upon the fancy, than words can either convey—or sometimes get rid of.

—I’ve gone a little about—no matter, ’tis for health,—let us only carry it back in our mind to the mortality of *Trim*’s hat.—“Are we not here now,—and gone in a moment?”—There was nothing in the sentence

sentence——'twas one of your self-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day ; and if *Trim* had not trusted more to his hat than his head——he had made nothing at all of it.

——“ Are we not here now ;” continued the corporal, “ and are we not”——(dropping his hat plump upon the ground——and pausing, before he pronounced the word——“ gone ! in a moment ?” The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.——Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the tipe and fore-runner, like it,——his hand seemed to vanish from under it,——it fell dead——the corporal's eye fixed upon it, as upon a corps,——and *Sujannah* burst into a flood of tears.

Now ten thousand, and ten thousand times ten thousand (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground, without any effect.——Had he flung it, or thrown it, or cast it, or skimmed it, or squirted, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under heaven,——or in the best direction that could be given to it,——had he dropped it like a goose——like a puppy——like an ass——or in doing it, or even after he had done, had he looked like a fool,——like a ninny——like a nicompoop——it had failed, and the effect upon the heart had been lost.

Ye who govern this mighty world and its mighty concerns with the *engines* of eloquence,——who heat it, and cool it, and melt it, and molify it,——and then harden it again to *your purpose*.——

Ye who wind and turn the passions with this great windlass,——and, having done it, lead the owners of them, whither you think meet.——

Ye, lastly, who drive——and why not, Ye also who are driven, like turkeys to market, with a stick and a red clout——meditate——mediate, I beseech you, upon *Trim's* hat.

C H A P. VIII.

STAY—I have a small account to settle with the reader, before *Trim* can go on with his harangue.——It shall be done in two minutes.

Amōngst

Amongst many other book-debts, all of which I shall discharge in due time,—I own myself a debtor to the world for two items,—a chapter upon *chamber-maids and button-boles*, which, in the former part of my work, I promised and fully intended to pay off this year: but some of your worships and reverences telling me, that the two subjects, especially so connected together, might endanger the morals of the world,—I pray the chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes may be forgiven me—and that they will accept of the last chapter in lieu of it; which is nothing, an't please your reverences, but a chapter of *chamber-maids, green-gowns, and old bats*.

Trim took his off the ground,—put it upon his head,—and then went on with his oration upon death, in manner and form following.

C H A P. IX.

—To us, *Jonathan*, who know not what want or care is—who live here in the service of two of the best of masters—(bating in my own case his majesty King *William* the Third, whom I had the honour to serve both in *Ireland* and *Flanders*)—I own it, that from *Whitsuntide* to within three weeks of *Christmas*, 'tis not long,—'tis like nothing; but to those, *Jonathan*, who know what death is, and what havock and destruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about—'tis like a whole age.—O *Jonathan*! 'twould make a good-natured man's heart bleed, to consider, continued the corporal, (standing perpendicularly) how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time;—And trust me, *Susy*, added the corporal, turning to *Susannab*, whose eyes were swimming in water,—before that time comes round again,—many a bright eye will be dim.—*Susannab* placed it to the right side of the page—she wept—but she court'ied too.—Are we not, continued *Trim*, looking still at *Susannab*—are we not like a flower of the field—a tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation—else no tongue could have

have described *Susannab's* affliction—is not all flesh grafs?—'tis clay,—'tis dirt.—They all looked directly at the scullion,—the scullion had just been scouring a fish kettle.——

—What is the finest face that ever man looked at! —I could hear *Trim* talk so for ever, cried *Susannab*, —what is it! (*Susannab* laid her hand upon *Trim's* shoulder)—but corruption?—*Susannab* took it off:

—Now I love you for this—and 'tis this delicious mixture within you, which makes you dear creatures what you are—and he who hates you for it—all I can say of the matter, is—That he has either a pumkin for his head—or a pippin for his heart,—and whenever he is dissected 'twill be found so.

C H A P. X.

WHETHER *Susannab*, by taking her hand too suddenly from off the corporal's shoulder, (by the whisking about of her passions)—broke a little the chain of his reflections——

Or whether the corporal began to be suspicious, he had got into the doctor's quarters, and was talking more like the chaplain than himself——

Or whether

Or whether—for in all such cases a man of invention and parts may with pleasure fill a couple of pages with suppositions—which of all these was the cause, let the curious phisiologist, or the curious any body determine—'tis certain, at least, the corporal went on thus with his harangue.

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all:—not this . . . added the corporal, snapping his fingers,—but with an air which no one but the corporal could have given to the sentiment.——In battle, I value death not this . . . and let him not take me cowardly, like poor *Jos Gibbins*, in scouring his gun—What is he? A pull of a trigger—a push of a bayonet an inch this way or that—makes the difference.—Look along the line—to the right—see! *Jack's* down! well,—'tis worth a regiment of
VOL. V. B horse

horse to him—No—'tis *Dick*. Then *Jack's* no worse.—Never mind which,—we pass on,—in hot pursuit the wound itself which brings him is not felt,—the best way is to stand up to him,—the man who flies, is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws.—I've look'd him, added the corporal, an hundred times in the face,—and know what he is.—He's nothing, *Obadiab*, at all in the field — But he's very frightful in a house, quoth *Obadiab*.—I never mind it myself, said *Jonathan*, upon a coach-box.—It must, in my opinion, be most natural in bed, replied *Susannah*—and could I escape him by creeping into the worst calf's skin that ever was made into a knapsack, I would do it there—said *Trim*—but that is nature.

—Nature is nature, said *Jonathan*.—And that is the reason, cried *Susannah*, I so much pity my mistress.

—She will never get the better of it—Now I pity the captain the most of any one in the family, answered *Trim*.—Madam will get ease of heart in weeping,—and the Squire in talking about it,—but my poor master will keep it all in silence to himself.—I shall hear him sigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for lieutenant *Le Fever*. An' please your honour, do not sigh so piteously, I would say to him as I laid beside him. I cannot help it, *Trim*, my master would say,—'tis so melancholy an accident.—I cannot get it off my heart.—Your honour fears not death yourself.—I hope, *Trim*, I fear nothing, he would say, but the doing a wrong thing.—Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of *Le Fever's* boy — And with that, like a quieting draught, his honour would fall asleep.

I like to hear *Trim's* stories about the captain, said *Susannah*.—He is a kindly hearted gentleman, said *Obadiab*, as ever lived.—Aye,—and as brave a one too, said the corporal, as ever slept before a platoon.—There never was a better officer in the king's army, —or a better man in God's world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the

the lighted match at the very touch-hole,—and yet, for all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other people.—He would not hurt a chicken. I would sooner, quoth *Jonathan*, drive such a gentleman for seven pounds a year—than some for eight.—Thank thee, *Jonathan!* for thy twenty shilling—as much, *Jonathan*, said the corporal, shaking him by the hand, as if thou hadst put the money into my own pocket.—I would serve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me,—and could I be sure my poor brother *Tom* was dead,—continued the corporal, taking out his handkerchief,—was I worth ten thousand pounds, I would leave every shilling of it to the captain.—*Trim* could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his master—The whole kitchen was affected.—Do tell us this story of the poor lieutenant, said *Susannab*.—With all my heart, answered the corporal.

Susannab, the cook, *Jonathan*, *Obadiab*, and corporal *Trim*, formed a circle about the fire; and as soon as the scullion had shut the kitchen door,—the corporal began.

C H A P. XI.

I AM a *Turk* if I had not as much forgot my mother, as if nature had plaistered me up, and set me down naked upon the banks of the river *Nile*, without one.—Your most obedient servant, Madam—I've cost you a great deal of trouble,—I wish it may answer—but you have left a crack in my back,—and here's a great piece fallen off here before,—and what must I do with this foot?——I shall never reach *England* with it.

For my own part I never wonder at any thing—and so often has my judgment deceived me in my life, that I always suspect it, right or wrong,—at least I am seldom hot upon cold subjects. For all this, I reverence truth as much as any body; and when it has slipped us, if a man will but take me by the hand, and go quietly and search for it, as for a thing we have

both lost, and can neither of us do well without.—I'll go to the world's end with him :—But I hate disputes, —and therefore (bating religious points, or such as touch society) I would almost subscribe to any thing which does not choak me in the first passage, rather than be drawn into one.—But I cannot bear suffocation, —and bad smells worst of all.—For which reasons, I resolved from the beginning, That if ever the army of martyrs was to be augmented,—or a new one raised, —I would have no hand in it, one way or t'other.

C H A P. XII.

—BUT to return to my mother :

My uncle *Toby's* opinion, Madam, “ that there “ could be no harm in *Cornelius Gallus*, the Roman “ prator's lying with his wife ; ”—or rather the last word of that opinion,—(for it was all my mother heard of it) caught hold of her by the weak part of the whole sex :—You shall not mistake me,—I mean her curiosity,—she instantly concluded herself the subject of the conversation, and with that prepossession upon her fancy, you will readily conceive every word my father said, was accommodated either to herself, or her family concerns.

—Pray, Madam, in what street does the lady live, who would not have done the same ?

From the strange mode of *Cornelius's* death, my father had made a transition to that of *Socrates*, and was giving my uncle *Toby* an abstract of his pleading before his judges ;—'twas irresistible :—not the oration of *Socrates*,—but my father's temptation to it.—He had wrote the * *Life of Socrates* himself the year before he left off trade, which, I fear, was the means of hastening him out of it ;—so that no one was able to set out with so full a sail, and in so swelling a tide of heroic loftiness upon the occasion, as my father was.

Not

* This book my father would never consent to publish ; 'tis in manuscript, with some other tracts of his, in the family, all or most of which will be printed in due time.

Not a period in *Socrates's* oration, which closed with a shorter word than *transmigration*, or *annihilation*, or a worse thought in the middle of it than *to be—or not to be*,—the entering upon a new and untried state of things,——or upon a long, a profound and peaceful sleep, without dreams, without disturbance;—*That we and our children were born to die,—but neither of us born to be slaves.*—No—there I mistake; that was part of *Eleazer's* oration, as recorded by *Josephus* (*de Bell. Judaic.*)—*Eleazer* owns he had it from the philosophers of *India*; in all likelihood *Alexander* the Great, in his irruption into *India*, after he had overrun *Persia*, amongst the many things he stole,——stole that sentiment also; by which means it was carried, if not all the way by himself, (for we all know he died at *Babylon*) at least by some of his maroders, into *Greece*,—from *Greece* it got to *Rome*,—from *Rome* to *France*,—and from *France* to *England*:—So things came round.——

By land carriage I can conceive no other way.——

By water the sentiment might easily have come down the *Ganges* into the *Sinus Gangeticus*, or *Bay of Bengal*, and so into the *Indian Sea*; and following the course of trade, (the way from *India* by the *Cape of Good Hope* being then unknown) might be carried with other drugs and spices up the *Red Sea* to *Joddab*, the port of *Mekka*, or else to *Tor* or *Suez*, towns at the bottom of the gulf; and from thence by caravans to *Coptos*, but three days journey distant, so down the *Nile* directly to *Alexandria*, where the SENTIMENT would be landed at the very foot of the great stair-case of the *Alexandrian* library,—and from that store-house it would be fetched.——Bless me! what a trade was driven by the learned in those days!

C H A P. XIII.

—— **N**OW my father had a way, a little like that of *Job's* (in case there ever was such a man—if not there's an end to the matter.——

Though, by the bye, because your learned men find some difficulty in fixing the precise æra in which so great a man lived;—whether, for instance, before or after the patriarchs, &c.—to vote, therefore, that he never lived *at all*, is a little cruel,—’tis not doing as they would be done by—happen that as it may)—My father, I said, had a way, when things went extremely wrong with him, especially upon the first fall of his impatience,—of wondering why he was begot, wishing himself dead;—sometimes worse:—And when the provocation ran high, and grief touched his lips with more than ordinary powers,—‘sir, you scarce could have distinguished him from *Socrates* himself.—Every word would breathe the sentiments of a soul disdaining life, and careless about all its issues; for which reason, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abstract of *Socrates*’s oration, which my father was giving my uncle *Toby*, was not altogether new to her.—She listened to it with composed intelligence, and would have done so to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occasion to have done) into that part of the pleading where the great philosopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a security to be so won by working upon the passions of his judges——“I have friends—I have relations,—“I have three desolate children,”—says *Socrates*.——

—Then, cried my mother, opening the door,—you have one more, Mr. *Sbandy*, than I know of.

By heaven! I have one less—said my father, getting up and walking out of the room.

C H A P. XIV.

—They are *Socrates*’s children, said my uncle *Toby*. He has been dead an hundred years ago, replied my mother.

My uncle *Toby* was no chronologer—so not caring to advance a step but upon safe ground, he laid down his pipe deliberately upon the table, and rising up, and

and taking my mother most kindly by the hand, without saying another word, either good or bad, to her, he led her out after my father, that he might finish the *ecclaircissement* himself.

C H A P. XV.

HAD this volume been a farce, which, unless every one's life and opinions are to be looked upon as a farce as well as mine, I see no reason to suppose—the last chapter, Sir, had finished the first act of it, and then this chapter must have set off thus.

Prr..r..r..ing—twing—twang—prut—trut—'tis a cursed bad fiddle.—Do you know whether my fiddle's in tune or no?—trut..prut.—They should be *fifths*, —'Tis wickedly strung—tr..a.e.i.o.u. twang—The bridge is a mile too high, and the sound-post absolutely down,—else—trut..prut—hark! 'tis not so bad a tone.—Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle, dum. There is nothing in playing before good judges,—but there's a man there—no—not him with the bundle under his arm—the grave man in black.—S'death! not the gentleman with the sword on.—Sir, I had rather play a *Caprichio* to *Calliope* herself, than draw my bow across my fiddle before that very man; and yet I'll stake my *Cremona* to a *Jew's* trump, which is the greatest musical odds that ever were laid, that I will this moment stop three hundred and fifty leagues out of tune upon my fiddle, without punishing one single nerve that belongs to him.—Twaddle diddle, tweddle diddle,—twiddle diddle,—twoddle diddle,—twuddle diddle,—prut trut—krish—krash—krush.—I've undone you, Sir,—but you see he is no worse—and was *Apollo* to take his fiddle after me, he can make him no better.

—Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle—hum—dum—drum.

—Your worships and your reverences love musick—and God has made you all with good ears—and some of you play delightfully yourselves—trut-prut,—prut-trut.

O! there is——whom I could sit and hear whole days,—whose talents lie in making what he fiddles to be felt—who inspires me with his joys and hopes, and puts the most hidden springs of my heart into motion.—If you would borrow five guineas of me, Sir,—which is generally ten guineas more than I have to spare—or you, Messrs. Apothecary and Taylor, want your bills paying,—that's your time.

C H A P. XVI.

THE first thing which entered my father's head, after affairs were a little settled in the family, and *Susannab* had got possession of my mother's green satin night gown, ——was to sit down coolly, after the example of *Xenophon*, and write a *TRISTRA pædia* or system of education for me; collecting first for that purpose his own scattered thoughts, counsels and notions; and binding them together, so as to form an INSTITUTE for the government of my childhood and adolescence. I was my father's last stake—he had lost my brother *Bobby* entirely,—he had lost, by his own computation, full three-fourths of me—that is, he had been unfortunate in his three first great casts for me—my geniture, nose, and name, there was but this one left; and accordingly my father gave himself up to it with as much devotion as ever my uncle *Toby* had done to his doctrine of projectiles—The difference between them was, that my uncle *Toby* drew his whole knowledge of projectiles from *Nicholas Tartaglia*—My father spun his, every thread of it, out of his own brain,—or reeled and cross-twisted what all other spinners and spinsters had spun before him, that 'twas pretty near the same torture to him.

In about three years, or something more, my father had got advanced almost in the middle of his work.—Like all other writers, he met with disappointments.—He imagined he should be able to bring whatever he had to say, into so small a compass, that when it was finished and bound, it might be rolled up in my mother's

mother's hufwife.—Matter grows under our hands.—
Let no man fay,—“ Come——I'll write a *duodecimo*.”

My father gave himfelf up to it, however, with the moft painful diligence, proceeding ftep by ftep in every line, with the fame kind of caution and circumfpection (though I cannot fay upon quite fo religious a principle) as was ufed by *John de la Caffé*, the lord archbifhop of *Benevento*, in compaffing his *Galatea*, in which his Grace of *Benevento* fpent near forty years of his life; and when the thing came out, it was not of above half the fize or the thicknefs of a *Rider's* Almanack.—How the holy man managed the affair, unlefs he fpent the greateft part of his time in combing his whifkers, or playing at *primero* with his chaplain—would pofe any mortal not let into the true fecret;—and therefore 'tis worth explaining to the world, was it only for the encouragement of thofe few in it, who write not fo much to be fed—as to be famous.

I own had *John de la Caffé*, the archbifhop of *Benevento*, for whose memory (notwithftanding his *Galatea*) I retain the higheft veneration,—had he been, Sir, a flender clerk—of dull wit—flow parts—coftive head, and fo forth,—he and his *Galatea* might have jogged on together to the age of *Metufalab* for me, —the phænomenon had not been worth a parenthefis.

But the reverse of this was the truth: *John de la Caffé* was a genius of fine parts and fertile fancy; and yet with all thefe great advantages of nature, which fould have pricked him forwards with his *Galatea*, he lay under an impuiffance at the fame time of advancing above a line and an half in the compafs of a whole fummer's day: this difability in his Grace arofe from an opinion he was afflicted with,—which opinion was this,—viz. that whenever a Chriftian was writing a book (not for his private amufement, but) where his intent and purpofe was *bona fide*, to print and publifh it to the world, his firft thoughts were always the temptations of the evil one.—This was the ftate of ordinary writers: but when a perfonage

of venerable character and high station either in church or state, once turned author,—he maintained, that from the very moment he took pen in hand—all the devils in hell broke out of their holes to cajole him.—'Twas Term-time with them,—every thought, first and last, was captious; how specious and good soever,—'twas all one;—in whatever form or colour it presented itself to the imagination,—'twas still a stroke of one or other of 'em levelled at him, and was to be fenced off.—So that the life of a writer, whatever he might fancy to the contrary, was not so much a state of *composition*, as a state of *warfare*: and his probation in it, precisely that of any other man militant upon earth,—both depending alike, not half so much upon the degrees of his WIT—as his RESISTANCE.

My father was hugely pleased with this theory of *John de la Casse*, archbishop of *Benevento*; and (had it not cramped him a little in his creed) I believe would have given ten of the best acres in the *Sbandy* estate, to have been the broacher of it.—How far my father actually believed in the devil, will be seen, when I come to speak of my father's religious notions, in the progress of this work: 'tis enough to say here, as he could not have the honour of it, in the literal sense of the doctrine—he took up with the allegory of it;—and would often say, especially when his pen was a little retrograde, there was as much good meaning, truth, and knowledge, couched under the veil of *John de la Casse's* parabolical representation,——as was to be found in any one poetic fiction, or mystick record of antiquity.—Prejudice of education, he would say, *is the devil*,—and the multitudes of them which we suck in with our mother's milk—*are the devil and all*—We are haunted with them, brother *Toby*, in all our lucubrations and researches; and was a man fool enough to submit tamely to what they obtruded upon him,——what would his book be? Nothing,——he would add, throwing his pen away with a vengeance,—nothing but a farrago of the clack of nurses, and of the nonsense of the old women (of both sexes) throughout the kingdom.

This

—This is the best account—I am determined to give of the slow progress my father made in his *Tristram-pædia*; at which (as I said) he was three years and something more, indefatigably at work, and at last, had scarce compleated, by his own reckoning, one half of his undertaking; the misfortune was, that I was all that time totally neglected and abandoned to my mother: and what was almost as bad, by the very delay, the first part of the work, upon which my father had spent the most of his pains, was rendered entirely useless.—Every day a page or two became of no consequence.—

—Certainly it was ordained, as a scourge upon the pride of human wisdom,—That the wisest of us all, should thus outwit ourselves, and eternally forego our purposes in the intemperate act of pursuing them.

In short, my father was so long in all his acts of resistance,—or in other words,—he advanced so very slow with his work, and I began to live and get forwards at such a rate, that if an event had not happened,—which, when we get to it, if it can be told with decency, shall not be concealed a moment from the reader—I verily believe, I had put by my father, and left him drawing a sun-dial, for no better purpose than to be buried under ground.

C H A P. XVII.

—’**T**WAS nothing,—I did not lose two drops of blood by it——’twas not worth calling in a surgeon, had he lived next door to us—thousands suffer by choice, what I did by accident.—Doctor *Slop* made ten times more of it, than there was occasion:—some men rise, by the art of hanging great weights upon small wires,—and I am this day (*August* the 10th, 1761) paying part of the price of this man’s reputation.—O ’twould provoke a stone, to see how things are carried on in this world!—The chambermaid had left no ***** under the bed:—Cannot you contrive, master, quoth *Susannah*, lifting up the sash with one hand, as she spoke, and helping me

me up into the window—seat with the other,—— cannot you manage, my dear, for a single time to *****?

I was five years old.—*Susannab* did not consider that nothing was well hung in our family,——so slap came the sash down like lightning upon us;——Nothing is left,——cried *Susannab*,——nothing is left—for me, but to run my country.——

My uncle *Toby*'s house was a much kinder sanctuary; and so *Susannab* fled to it.

C H A P. XVIII.

WHEN *Susannab* told the corporal the misadventure of the sash, with all the circumstances which attended the murder of me,——(as she called it)——the blood forsook his cheeks;——all accessaries in murder, being principals,——*Trim*'s conscience told him he was as much to blame as *Susannab*,——and if the doctrine had been true, my uncle *Toby* had as much of the bloodshed to answer for to heaven, as either of 'em;——so that neither reason or instinct, separate or together, could possibly have guided *Susannab*'s steps to so proper an asylum. It is in vain to leave this to the reader's imagination:——to form any kind of hypothesis that will render these propositions feasible, he must cudgel his brains sore,——and to do it without,——he must have such brains as no reader ever had before him.—Why should I put them either to trial or to torture? 'Tis my own affair: I'll explain it myself.

C H A P. XIX.

'TIS a pity, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, resting with his hand upon the corporal's shoulder, as they both stood surveying their works,——that we have not a couple of field pieces to mount in the gorge of that new redoubt;——'twould secure the lines all along there, and make the attack on that side quite complete:——get me a couple cast, *Trim*.

Your honour shall have them, replied *Trim*, before to-morrow morning.

It

It was the joy of *Trim's* heart,—nor was his fertile head ever at a loss for expedients in doing it, to supply my uncle *Toby* in his campaigns, with whatever his fancy called for; had it been his last crown, he would have sate down and hammered it into a pad-rero to have prevented a single wish in his master. The corporal had already,—what with cutting off the ends of my uncle *Toby's* spouts—hacking and chiseling up the sides of his leaden gutters,—melting down his pewter shaving bason,—and going at last, like *Lewis* the fourteenth, on the top of the church, for spare ends, &c.—he had that very campaign brought no less than eight new battering cannons, besides three demi-culverins into the field; my uncle *Toby's* demand for two more pieces for the redoubt, had set the corporal at work again; and no better resource offering, he had taken the two leaden weights from the nursery window: and as the sash pullies, when the lead was gone, were of no kind of use, he had taken them away also, to make a couple of wheels for one of their carriages.

He had dismantled every sash window in my uncle *Toby's* house long before in the very same way,—though not always in the same order; for sometimes the pullies had been wanted, and not the lead,—so then he began with the pullies,—and the pullies being picked out, then the lead became useless,—and so the lead went to pot too.

—A great MORAL might be picked handsomely out of this, but I have not time, 'tis enough to say where-ever the demolition began, 'twas equally fatal to the sash window.

C H A P. XX.

THE corporal had not taken his measures so badly in this stroke of artilleryship, but that he might have kept the matter entirely to himself, and left *Susannab* to have sustained the whole weight of the attack, as she could;—true courage is not content with coming off so.—The corporal, whether as general or comptroller of the train—'twas no matter, —had

—had done that, without which, as he imagined, the misfortune could never have happened,—*at least in Susannah's hands*;—How would your honours have behaved?—He determined at once, not to take shelter behind *Susannah*,—but to give it; and with this resolution upon his mind, he marched upright into the parlour, to lay the whole *manœuvre* before my uncle *Toby*.

My uncle *Toby* had just then been giving *Yorick* an account of the battle of *Steenkirk*, and of the strange conduct of count *Solmes* in ordering the foot to halt, and the horse to march where it could not act; which was directly contrary to the king's commands, and proved the loss of the day.

There are incidents in some families so pat to the purpose of what is going to follow,—they are scarce exceeded by the invention of a dramatic writer;—I mean of ancient days. —————

Trim, by the help of his fore finger, laid flat upon the table, and the edge of his hand striking a-cross it at right angles, made a shift to tell his story so, that priests and virgins might have listened to it;—and the story being told,—the dialogue went on as follows.

C H A P. XXI.

——I would be picquetted to death, cried the corporal, as he concluded *Susannah's* story, before I would suffer the woman to come to any harm,—'twas my fault, an' please your honour,—not her's.

Corporal *Trim*, replied my uncle *Toby*, putting on his hat which lay upon the table,—if any thing can be said to be a fault, when the service absolutely requires it should be done,—'tis I certainly who deserve the blame;—you obeyed your orders.

Had count *Solmes*, *Trim*, done the same at the battle of *Steenkirk*, said *Yorick*, drolling a little upon the corporal, who had been run over by a dragoon in the retreat,—he had saved thee;—Saved! cried *Trim*, interrupting *Yorick*, and finishing the sentence for him after his own fashion,—he had saved five battalions, an' please your reverence, every soul of them:—there

was

was *Cutts's*—continued the corporal, clapping the fore-finger of his right hand upon the thumb of his left, and counting round his hand,—there was *Cutts's*,—*Mackay's*—*Angus's*—*Graham's*—and *Leven's*, all cut to pieces;—and so had the *English* life-guards too, had it not been for some regiments upon the right, who marched up boldly to their relief, and received the enemy's fire in their faces, before any one of their own platoons discharged a musket;—they'll go to heaven for it,—added *Trim*—*Trim* is right, said my uncle *Toby*, nodding to *Yorick*,—he's perfectly right. What signified his marching the horse, continued the corporal, where the ground was so strait, and the *French* had such a nation of hedges, and copses, and ditches, and fell'd trees laid this way and that to cover them; (as they always have.)—Count *Solmes* should have sent us,—we would have fired muzzle to muzzle with them for their lives—There was nothing to be done for the horse:—he had his foot shot off however for his pains, continued the corporal, the very next campaign at *Landen*.—Poor *Trim* got his wound there, quoth my uncle *Toby*—'Twas owing, an' please your honour, entirely to count *Solmes*,—had we drub'd them soundly at *Steenkirk*, they would not have fought us at *Landen*.—Possibly not,—*Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*;—though if they have the advantage of a wood, or you give them a moment's time to intrench themselves, they are a nation which will pop and pop for ever at you—There is no way but to march coolly up to them,—receive their fire, and fall in upon them, pell-mell—Ding dong, added *Trim*.—Horse and foot, said my uncle *Toby*—Helter skelter, said *Trim*—Right and left, cried my uncle *Toby*.—Blood an'ounds, shouted the corporal;—the battle raged, —*Yorick* drew his chair a little to one side for safety, and after a moment's pause, my uncle *Toby* sinking his voice a note,—resumed the discourse as follows.

C H A P. XXII.

KING *William*, said my uncle *Toby*, addressing himself to *Yorick*, was so terribly provoked at count *Solmes* for disobeying his orders, that he would
not

not suffer him to come into his presence for many months after.—I fear, answered *Yorick*, the squire will be as much provoked at the corporal, as the King at the count.—But 'twould be singularly hard in this case, continued he, if corporal *Trim*, who has behaved so diametrically opposite to count *Solmes*, should have the fate to be rewarded with the same disgrace ; —too oft in this world, do things take that train — I would spring a mine, cried my uncle *Toby*, rising up,—and blow up my fortifications, and my house with them, and we would perish under the ruins, ere I would stand by and see it—*Trim* directed a slight,—but a grateful bow towards his master,—and so the chapter ends.

C H A P. XXIII.

—Then, *Yorick*, replied my uncle *Toby*, you and I will lead the way abreast,—and do you, corporal, follow a few paces behind us.—And *Susannah*, an' please your honour, said *Trim*, shall be put in the rear.—'Twas an excellent disposition,—and in this order, without either drums beating or colours flying, they marched slowly from my uncle *Toby's* house to *Sbandy-ball*.

—I wish, said *Trim*, as they entered the door,—instead of the sash-weights, I had cut off the church-spout, as I once thought to have done.—You have cut off spouts enow, replied *Yorick*.——

C H A P. XXIV.

AS many pictures as have been given of my father, how like him soever in different airs and attitudes,—not one or all of them, can ever help the reader to any kind of preconception of how my father would think, speak, or act, upon any untried occasion or occurrence of life.—There was that infinitude of oddities in him, and of chances along with it, by which handle he would take a thing,—it baffled, Sir, all calculations.—The truth was, his road lay

lay so very far on one side, from that wherein most men travelled,—that every object before him presented a face and section of itself to his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation of it seen by the rest of mankind.—In other words, 'twas a different object,—and in course was differently considered.

This is the true reason, that my dear *Jenny* and I, as well as all the world besides us, have such eternal squabbles about nothing.—She looks at her outside,—I, at her in——. How is it possible we should agree about her value?

C H A P. XXV.

'TIS a point settled,—and I mention it for the comfort of the * *Confucious*, who is apt to get entangled in telling a plain story—that provided he keeps along the line of his story,—he may go backwards and forwards as he will,—'tis still held to be no digression. This being premised, I take the benefit of the *art of going backwards* myself.

C H A P. XXVI.

FIFTY thousand pannier loads of devils—(not of the Archbishop of *Benevento's*—I mean of *Rabelais's* devils) with their tails chopped off by their rumps, could not have made so diabolical a scream of it, as I did—when the accident beset me: it summoned up my mother instantly into the nursery,—so that *Susannab* had but just time to make her escape down the back stairs, as my mother came up the fore.

Now, though I was old enough to have told the story myself,—and young enough, I hope, to have done it without malignity; yet *Susannab*, in passing by the kitchen, for fear of accidents, had left it in short-hand with the cook—the cook had told it with a commentary to *Jonathan*, and *Jonathan* to *Obadi-*

* Mr. *Shandy* is supposed to mean ***** Esq; member for *****—and not the *Chinese* Legislator.

ab; so that by the time my father had rung the bell half a dozen times to know what was the matter above,—was *Obadiab* enabled to give him a particular account of it just as it happened.—I thought as much, said my father, tucking up his night-gown;—and so walked up stairs.

One would imagine from this—(tho' for my own part I somewhat question it)—that my father before that time, had actually wrote that remarkable chapter in the *Tristra-pædia*, which to me is the most original and entertaining one in the whole book;—and that is the chapter upon *sash-windows*, with a bitter *Philippick* at the end of it, upon the forgetfulness of chamber-maids—I have but two reasons for thinking otherwise.

First, had the matter been taken into consideration, before the event happened, my father certainly would have nailed up the sash-window for good and all;—which, considering with what difficulty he composed books,—he might have done with ten times less trouble, than he could have wrote the chapter: this argument I foresee holds good against his writing the chapter, even after the event; but 'tis obviated under the second reason, which I have the honour to offer to the world in support of my opinion, that my father did not write the chapter upon sash-windows and chamber-pots, at the time supposed,—and it is this.

—That, in order to render the *Tristra-pædia* complete,—I wrote the chapter myself.

C H A P. XXVII.

MY father put on his spectacles—looked,—took them off—put them into the case—all in less than a statutable minute; and without opening his lips, turned about, and walked precipitately down stairs: my mother imagined he had stepped down for lint and basilicon; but seeing him return with a couple of folios under his arm, and *Obadiab* following him with a large reading desk, she took it for granted 'twas an herbal, and so drew him a chair to the bedside, that he might consult upon the case at his ease.

—If

—If it be but right done,—said my father, turning to the *Section—de sede vel subiecto circumcissionis*,—for he had brought up *Spencer de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus*—and *Maimonides*, in order to confront and examine us all together.——

—If it be but right done, quoth he ;—Only tell us, cried my mother, interrupting him, what herbs.—For that replied my father, you must send for Dr. *Slop*.

My mother went down, and my father went on, reading the section, as follows.

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—nay, if it has that convenience—and so without stopping a moment to settle it first in his mind, whether the *Jews* had it from the *Egyptians*, or the *Egyptians* from the *Jews*,—he rose up, and rubbing his forehead two or three times across with the palm of his hand, in the manner we rub out the footsteps of care, when evil has trod lighter upon us than we foreboded,—he shut the book, and walked down stairs.—Nay, said he, mentioning the name of a different great nation upon every step as he set his foot upon it—if the *EGYPTIANS*,—the *SYRIANS*,—the *PHOENICIANS*,—the *ARABIANS*,—the *CAPPADOCIANS*,—if the *COLCHI*, and *TROGLODYTES* did it—if *SOLON* and *PYTHAGORAS* submitted,—what is *TRISTRAM*?—Who am I, that I should fret or fume one moment about the matter?

C H A P. XXVIII.

DEAR *Yorick*, said my father smiling, (for *Yorick* had broke his rank with my uncle *Toby* in coming through the narrow entry, and so had stept first into the parlour)—this *Tristram* of ours, I find, comes very hardly by all his religious rites.—Never was the son of *Jew*, *Christian*, *Turk*, or *Infidel* initiated into them in so oblique and slovenly a manner.—But he is
no

no worse, I trust, said *Yorick*.—There has been certainly, continued my father, the duce and all to do in some part or other of the ecliptic, when this offspring of mine was formed.—That, you are a better judge of than I, replied *Yorick*.—Astrologers, quoth my father, know better than us both:—the trine and sextile aspects have jumped awry,—or the opposite of their ascendants have not hit it as they should,—or the lords of the genitures (as they call them) have been at *bo peep*,——or something has been wrong above or below with us.

'Tis possible, answered *Yorick*.—But is the child, cried my uncle *Toby* the worse?—The *Troglodytes* say not, replied my father.—And your theologists, *Yorick*, tell us—Theologically? said *Yorick*,—or speaking after the manner of * apothecaries?—† statesmen?—or ‡ washer-women?

—I'm not sure, replied my father,——but they tell us, brother *Toby*, he's the better for it.—Provided, said *Yorick*, you travel him into *Egypt*.—Of that, answered my father, he will have the advantage when he sees the *Pyramids*.——

Now every word of this, quoth my uncle *Toby*, is *Arabick* to me.—I wish, said *Yorick*, 'twas so to half the world.

—§ *ILUS*, continued my father, circumcised his whole army one morning.—Not without a court-martial? cried my uncle *Toby*.—Though the learned, continued he, taking no notice of my uncle *Toby's* remark, but turning to *Yorick*,—are greatly divided still who *Ilus* was;—some say *Saturn*;—some the supreme Being;—others, no more than a brigadier-general under

* Χαλεπῆς νόσος, καὶ δυσίατε ἀπαλλαγὴ ἢν αἰθρακα καλῶσιν. PHILO.

† Τὰ τιμώμενα τῶν ἰθῶν πολυγωνώτατα καὶ πελυν-δρωπότατα εἶναι.

‡ Καθαριότητος ἐνικιν.

BOCHART.

§ Ὁ Ἰλος, τὰ αἰδοῖα περιτέμνεται. ταυτὸ ποῖσαι καὶ τὴς αἰμ' αὐτῇ συμμάχης καταναγκάσας. SANCHONIATHO.

der *Pharaoth-neco*.—Let him be who he will, said my uncle *Toby*, I know not by what article of war he could justify it.

The controvertists, answered my father, assign two and twenty different reasons for it—others indeed, who have drawn their pens on the opposite side of the question, have shewn the world the futility of the greatest part of them.—But then again, our best polemic divines—I wish there was not a polemic divine, said *Yorick*, in the kingdom;—one ounce of practical divinity is worth a painted ship load of all their reverences have imported these fifty years.—Pray, Mr. *Yorick*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—do tell me what a polemic divine is.—The best description, captain *Shandy*, I have ever read, is of a couple of 'em, replied *Yorick*, in the account of the battle fought single hands betwixt *Gymnast* and captain *Tripet*; which I have in my pocket.—I beg I may hear it, quoth my uncle *Toby* earnestly.—You shall, said *Yorick*.—And as the corporal is waiting for me at the door,—and I know the description of a battle, will do the poor fellow more good than his supper,—I beg, brother, you'll give him leave to come in.—With all my soul, said my father.—*Trim* came in, erect and happy as an emperor; and having shut the door, *Yorick* took a book from his right-hand coat pocket, and read, or pretended to read, as follows.

C H A P. XXIX.

——“ which words being heard by all the soldiers
 “ which were there, divers of them being inwardly
 “ terrified, did shrink back and make room for the as-
 “ sailant; all this did *Gymnast* very well remark and
 “ consider; and therefore, making as if he would
 “ have alighted from off his horse, as he was poising
 “ himself on the mounting side, he most nimbly (with
 “ his short sword by his thigh) shifting his feet in the
 “ stirrup, and performing the stirrup-leather feat,
 “ whereby, after the inclining of his body downwards,
 “ he forthwith launched himself aloft into the air, and
 “ placed

“ placed both his feet together upon the saddle, stand-
 “ ing upright, with his back turned towards his
 “ horse’s head,—Now (said he) my case goes forward.
 “ Then suddenly in the same posture wherein he was,
 “ he fetched a gambol upon one foot, and turning to
 “ the left-hand, failed not to carry his body perfectly
 “ round, just into his former position, without mis-
 “ sing one jot.—Ha ! said *Tripet*, I will not do that
 “ at this time,—and not without cause. Well, said
 “ *Gymnast*, I have failed,—I will undo this leap ;
 “ then with a marvelous strength and agility, turning
 “ towards the right-hand, he fetched another frisking
 “ gambol as before ; which done, he sets his right-
 “ hand thumb upon the bow of the saddle, raised
 “ himself up, and sprung into the air, poising and
 “ upholding his whole weight upon the muscle and
 “ nerve of the said thumb, and so turned and whirl-
 “ ed himself about three times ; at the fourth, re-
 “ versing his body and overturning it up-side down,
 “ and fore-side back, without *touching any thing*, he
 “ brought himself betwixt the horse’s two ears, and
 “ then giving himself a jerking swing, he seated him-
 “ self upon the crupper——”

(This can’t be fighting, said my uncle *Toby*.—The
 corporal shook his head at it.—Have patience, said
Yorick.)

“ Then (*Tripet*) passed his right-leg over his saddle,
 “ and placed himself *en croup*.—But, said he, ’twere
 “ better for me to get into the saddle ; then putting
 “ the thumbs of both hands upon the crupper before
 “ him, and thereupon leaning himself, as upon the
 “ only supporters of his body, he incontinently turned
 “ heels over head in the air, and straight found him-
 “ self betwixt the bow of the saddle in a tolerable
 “ seat ; then springing into the air with a summerset,
 “ he turned him about like a windmill, and made
 “ above a hundred frisks, turns, and demi-pomma-
 “ das.”—Good God ! cried *Trim*, losing all pati-
 “ ence,—one home thrust of a bayonet is worth it all.
 —I think so too, replied *Yorick*.——

—I am of a contrary opinion, quoth my father.

C H A P. XXX.

—No,—I think I have advanced nothing, replied my father, making answer to a question which *Yorick* had taken the liberty to put to him,—I have advanced nothing in the *Tristra-pædia*, but what is as clear as any one proposition in *Euclid*.—Reach me, *Trim*, that book from off the scrutor:—it has oft times been in my mind, continued my father, to have read it over both to you, *Yorick*, and to my brother *Toby*, and I think it a little unfriendly in myself, in not having done it long ago:—shall we have a short chapter or two now,—and a chapter or two hereafter, as occasions serve; and so on, till we get through the whole? My uncle *Toby* and *Yorick* made the obeisance which was proper; and the corporal, though he was not included in the compliment, laid his hand upon his breast, and made his bow at the same time.—The company smiled. *Trim*, quoth my father, has paid the full price for staying out the *entertainment*.—He did not seem to relish the play, replied *Yorick*.—’Twas a Tom-fool-battle, an’ please your reverence, of captain *Tripet*’s and that other officer, making so many summerfets as they advanced;—the *French* come on capering now and then in that way,—but not quite so much.

My uncle *Toby* never felt the consciousness of his existence with more complacency than what the corporal’s, and his own reflections, made him do at that moment;—he lighted his pipe,—*Yorick* drew his chair closer to the table,—*Trim* snuffed the candle,—my father stirred up the fire,—took up the book,—coughed twice, and begun.

C H A P. XXXI.

THE first thirty pages, said my father, turning over the leaves,—are a little dry;—and as they are not closely connected with the subject,—for the present we’ll pass them by: ’tis a prefatory introduction,

roduction, continued my father, or an introductory preface (for I am not determined which name to give it) upon political or civil government; the foundation of which being laid in the first conjunction betwixt male and female, for procreation of the species—I was insensibly led into it—'Twas natural, said *Yorick*.

The original of society, continued my father, I'm satisfied is, what *Politian* tells us, *i. e.* merely conjugal; and nothing more than the getting together of one man and one woman;—to which, (according to *Hesiod*) the philosopher adds a servant:—but supposing in the first beginning there were no men servants born—he lays the foundation of it, in a man,—a woman—and a bull.—I believe 'tis an ox, quoth *Yorick*, quoting the passage (οἶνον μὲν πρῶτιστά γε γυναῖκα τε, βὺν τ' ἀπορνῶσα)——A bull must have given more trouble than his head was worth.—But there is a better reason still, said my father, (dipping his pen into his ink) for, the ox being the most patient of animals, and the most useful withal in tilling the ground for their nourishment,——was the properest instrument, and emblem too, for the new joined couple, that the creation could have associated with them.—And there is a stronger reason, added my uncle *Toby*, than them all for the ox.—My father had not power to take his pen out of his ink-horn, till he had heard my uncle *Toby's* reason.—For when the ground was tilled, said my uncle *Toby*, and made worth enclosing, then they began to secure it by walls and ditches, which was the origin of fortification.—True, true, dear *Toby*, cried my father, striking out the bull, and putting the ox in his place.

My father gave *Trim* a nod, to snuff the candle, and resumed his discourse.

—I enter upon this speculation, said my father carelessly, and half shutting the book, as he went on,——merely to shew the foundation of the natural relation between a father and his child; the right and jurisdiction over whom he acquires these several ways.——

1st, by marriage.

2d, by adoption.

3d, by legitimation.

And 4th, by procreation; all which I consider in their order.

I lay a light stress upon one of them, replied *Yorick*—the act, especially where it ends there, in my opinion, lays as little obligation upon the child, as it conveys power to the father.—You are wrong—said my father, argutely, and for this plain reason,

* * * * *

—I own, added my father, that the offspring upon this account, is not so under the power and jurisdiction of the *mother*.—But the reason, replied *Yorick*, equally holds good for her.—She is under authority herself, said my father:—and besides, continued my father, nodding his head, and laying his finger upon the side of his nose, as he assigned his reason—*she is not the principal agent*, *Yorick*.—In what? quoth my uncle *Toby*, stopping his pipe.—Though by all means, added my father (not attending to my uncle *Toby*) “*The son ought to pay her respect*,” as you may read, *Yorick*, at large in the first book of the Institutes of *Justinian*, at the eleventh title and the tenth section.—I can read it as well, replied *Yorick*, in the Catechism.

C H A P. XXXII.

TRIM can repeat every word of it by heart, quoth my uncle *Toby*—Pugh! said my father, not caring to be interrupted with *Trim*’s saying his Catechism. He can, upon my honour, replied my uncle *Toby*—Ask him, Mr. *Yorick*, any question you please.

—The fifth commandment, *Trim*—said *Yorick*, speaking mildly, and with a gentle nod, as to a modest Catechumen. The corporal stood silent.—You don’t ask him right, said my uncle *Toby*, raising his voice,

voice, and giving it rapidly, like the word of command;—The fifth—cried my uncle *Toby*.—I must begin with the first, an' please your honour, said the corporal.——

—*Yorick* could not forbear smiling.—Your reverence does not consider, said the corporal, shouldering his stick like a musket, and marching into the middle of the room, to illustrate his position,—that 'tis exactly the same thing as doing one's exercise in the field.——

“*Join your right hand to your firelock,*” cried the corporal, giving the word of command, and performing the motion.——

“*Poise your firelock,*” cried the corporal, doing the duty still of both adjutant and private man.

“*Rest your firelock;*”—one motion, an' please your reverence, you see, leads into another.—If his honour will begin but with the *first*——

THE FIRST—cried my uncle *Toby*, setting his hand upon his side—— * * * * *

THE SECOND—cried my uncle *Toby*, waving his tobacco-pipe, as he would have done his sword at the head of a regiment.—The corporal went through his *manual* with exactness; and having *honoured his father and mother*, made a low bow and fell back to the side of the room.

Every thing in this world, said my father, is big with jest,—and has wit in it, and instruction too,—if we can but find it out.

—Here is the *scaffold work* of INSTRUCTION, its true point of folly, without the BUILDING behind it.——

—Here is the glass for pedagogues, preceptors, tutors, governors, gerund-grinders, and bear-leaders to view themselves in, in their true dimensions.—

Oh! there is a husk and shell, *Yorick*, which grows up with learning, which their unskilfulness knows not how to fling away.

—SCIENCES

—SCIENCES MAY BE LEARNED BY ROTE, BUT WISDOM NOT.

Yorick thought my father inspired—I will enter into obligations this moment, said my father, to lay out all my aunt *Dinah's* legacy, in charitable uses (of which, by the bye, my father had no high opinion) if the corporal has any one determinate idea annexed to any one word he has repeated—Pr'ythee, *Trim*, quoth my father, turning round to him——What do'st thou mean, by “*honouring thy father and mother?*”

Allowing them, an' please your honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.—And didst thou do that, *Trim?* said *Yorick*.—He did indeed, replied my uncle *Toby*.—Then, *Trim*, said *Yorick*, springing out of his chair, and taking the corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the *Decalogue*; and I honour thee more for it, corporal *Trim*, than if thou hadst had a hand in the *Talmud* itself.

C H A P. XXXIII.

O BLESSED health! cried my father, making an exclamation, as he turned over the leaves to the next chapter,—thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul,—and openest all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue.—He that has thee has little more to wish for!—and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

I have concentrated all that can be said upon this important head, said my father, into a very little room, therefore we'll read the chapter quite thro'.

My father read as follows.

“The whole secret of health depending upon the due contention for mastery betwixt the radical heat and the radical moisture.”—You have proved that matter of fact, I suppose, above, said *Yorick*. Sufficiently, replied my father.

In saying this, my father shut the book,—not as if he resolved to read no more of it, for he kept his fore-finger in the chapter ;—not pettishly—for he shut the book slowly ; his thumb resting, when he had done it, upon the upper side of the cover, as his three fingers supported the lower side of it, without the least compressive violence.——

I have demonstrated the truth of that point, quoth my father, nodding to *Forick*, most sufficiently in the preceding chapter.

Now could the man in the moon be told, that a man in the earth had wrote a chapter, sufficiently demonstrating, That the secret of all health depended upon the due contention for mastery betwixt the *radical heat* and the *radical moisture*,—and that he had managed the point so well, that there was not one single word, wet, or dry, upon radical heat or radical moisture, throughout the whole chapter,—or a single syllable in it, *pro* or *con*, directly or indirectly, upon the contention betwixt these two powers in any part of the animal œconomy.——

“ O thou eternal maker of all beings ! ”—he would cry, striking his breast with his right hand), in case he had one)—“ Thou whose power and goodness can enlarge the faculties of thy creatures to this infinite degree of excellence and perfection,—What have we MOONITES done ? ”

C H A P. XXXIV.

WITH two strokes, the one at *Hippocrates*, the other at Lord *Verulam*, did my father achieve it.

The stroke at the prince of physicians, with which he began, was no more than a short insult upon his sorrowful complaint of the *Ars longa*,—and *Vita brevis*.—Life short, cried my father,—and the art of healing tedious ! and who are we to thank, for both the one and the other, but the ignorance of quacks themselves,——and the stage-loads of chymical nostrums, and peripatetic lumber, with which in all ages they

they have first flattered the world, and at last deceived it.

—O my lord *Verulam*! cried my father, turning from *Hippocrates*, and making his second stroke at him, as the principal of nostrum-mongers, and the fittest to be made an example of to the rest,—What shall I say to thee, my great lord *Verulam*? What shall I say to thy internal spirit,—thy opium,—thy salt-petre, thy greasy unctions,—thy daily purges,—thy nightly glisters, and succedaneums?

—My father was never at a loss what to say to any man upon any subject; and had the least occasion for the exordium of any man breathing: how he dealt with his lordship's opinion,—you shall see;—but when—I know not:—we must first see what his lordship's opinion was.

C H A P. XXXV.

“THE two great causes, which conspire with each other to shorten life, says lord *Verulam*, are, first——

“The internal spirit, which, like a genial flame, wastes the body down to death:—And secondly, the external air, that parches the body up to ashes:—which two enemies attacking us on both sides of our bodies together, at length destroy our organs, and render them unfit to carry on the functions of life.”

This being the state of the case, the road to longevity was plain; nothing more being required, says his lordship, but to repair the waste committed by the internal spirit, by making the substance of it more thick and dense, by a regular course of opiates on one side, and by refrigerating the heat of it on the other, by three grains and a half of salt-petre every morning before you got up.——

Still this frame of ours was left exposed to the inimical assaults of the air without;—but this was fenced off again by a course of greasy unctions, which so fully saturated the pores of the skin, that no spicula could

enter; nor could any one get out.—This put a stop to all perspiration, sensible and insensible, which being the cause of so many scurvy distempers,—a course of glisters was requisite to carry off redundant humours,—and render the system compleat.

What my father had to say to my lord of *Verulam's* opiates, his salt-petre and greasy unctions and glisters, you shall read,—but not to-day—or to-morrow: time presses upon me—my reader is impatient—I must get forwards.—You shall read the chapter at your leisure, (if you choose it) as soon as ever the *Tristia pædia* is published.——

Sufficeth it at present to say, my father levelled the hypothesis with the ground, and in doing that, the learned know, he built up and established his own.—

C H A P. XXXVI.

THE whole secret of health, said my father, beginning the sentence again, depending evidently upon the due contention betwixt the radical heat and radical moisture within us;—the least imaginable skill had been sufficient to have maintained it, had not the school-men confounded the task, merely (as *Van Helmont*, the famous chymist, has proved) by all along mistaking the radical moisture for the tallow and fat of animal bodies.

Now the radical moisture is not the tallow or fat of animals, but an oily and balsamous substance; for the fat and tallow, as also the phlegm or watry parts are cold; whereas the oily and balsamous parts are of a lively heat and spirit, which accounts for the observation of *Aristotle*, "*Quod omne animal post coitum est triste.*"

Now it is certain, that the radical heat lives in the radical moisture, but whether *vice versa*, is a doubt: however, when the one decays, the other decays also; and then is produced either an unnatural heat, which causes an unnatural dryness—or an unnatural moisture, which causes dropsies.—So that if a child, as he grows up, can be but taught to avoid running into fire or water, as either of them threaten his destruction,—'twill be all that is needful to be done upon that head.—

C H A P.

THE description of the siege of *Jerico* itself, could not have engaged the attention of my uncle *Toby*, more powerfully than the last chapter;—his eyes were fixed upon my father, throughout it;—he never mentioned radical heat and radical moisture, but my uncle *Toby* took his pipe out of his mouth, and shook his head; and as soon as the chapter was finished, he beckoned to the corporal to come close to his chair, to ask him the following question,—*aside*,— * * *

* * * * It was at the siege of *Limerick*, an' please your honour, replied the corporal, making a bow.

The poor fellow and I, quoth my uncle *Toby*, addressing himself to my father, were scarce able to crawl out of our tents, at the time the siege of *Limerick* was raised, upon the very account you mention.—Now what can have got into that precious noddle of thine, my dear brother *Toby*? cried my father, mentally—By Heaven! continued he, communing still with himself, it would puzzle an *OEdipus* to bring it in point.—

I believe, an' please your honour, quoth the corporal, that if had not been for the quantity of brandy we set fire to every night, and the claret and cinnamon with which I plied your honour off;—and the geneva, *Trim*, added my uncle *Toby*, which did us more good than all—I verily believe, continued the corporal, we had both, an' please your honour, left our lives in the trenches, and been buried in them too.—The noblest grave, corporal! cried my uncle *Toby*, his eyes sparkling as he spoke that a soldier could wish to lie down in.—But a pitiful death for him! an' please your honour, replied the corporal.

All this was as much *Arabiick* to my father, as the rites of the *Colchi* and *Troglodites* had been before to my uncle *Toby*; my father could not determine whether he was to frown or smile.——

My uncle *Toby*, turning to *Yorick*, resumed the case at *Limerick*, more intelligibly than he had begun it,—and so settled the point for my father at once.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

IT was undoubtedly, said my uncle *Toby*, a great happiness for myself and the corporal, that we had all along a burning fever, attended with a most raging thirst, during the whole five and twenty days the flux was upon us in the camp; otherwise what my brother calls the radical moisture, must, as I conceive it, inevitably have got the better.—My father drew in his lungs top-full of air, and looking up, blew it forth again, as slowly as he possibly could——

—It was heaven's mercy to us, continued my uncle *Toby*, which put it into the corporal's head, to maintain that due contention betwixt the radical heat and the radical moisture, by reinforcing the fever, as he did all along, with hot wine and spices; whereby the corporal kept up (as it were) a continual firing, so that the radical heat stood its ground from the beginning to the end, and was a fair match for the moisture, terrible as it was.—Upon my honour, added my uncle *Toby*, you might have heard the contention within our bodies, brother *Shandy*, twenty toises.—If there was no firing, said *Yorick*:

Well—said my father, with a full aspiration, and pausing a while after the word—Was I a judge, and the laws of the country which made me one permitted it, I would condemn some of the worst malefactors, provided they had had their clergy——

—*Yorick* foreseeing the sentence was likely to end with no sort of mercy, laid his hand upon my father's breast, and begged he would respite it for a few minutes, till he asked the corporal a question—Pr'ythee, *Trim*, said *Yorick*, without staying for my father's leave,—tell us honestly—what is thy opinion concerning this self-same radical heat and radical moisture?

With humble submission to his honour's better judgment, quoth the corporal, making a bow to my uncle *Toby*—Speak thy opinion freely, corporal, said my uncle *Toby*.—The poor fellow is my servant,—not my slave,—added my uncle *Toby*, turning to my father.—

The

The corporal put his hat under his left arm, and with his stick hanging upon the wrist of it, by a black thong split into a tassel about the knot, he marched up to the ground where he had performed his catechism; then touching his under jaw with the thumb and fingers of his right hand before he opened his mouth,—he delivered his notion thus.

C H A P. XXXIX.

JUST as the corporal was humming, to begin—in waddled Dr. *Slop*.—'Tis not two-pence matter—the corporal shall go on in the next chapter, let who will come in——

Well, my good doctor, cried my father sportively, for the transitions of his passions were unaccountably sudden,—and what has this whelp of mine to say to the matter?——

Had my father been asking after the amputation of the tail of a puppy dog—he could not have done it in a more careless air: the system which Dr. *Slop* had laid down, to treat the accident by, no way allowed of such a mode of enquiry.—He sat down.

Pray, Sir, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in a manner which could not go unanswered—in what condition is the boy?—'twill end in a *phymosis*, replied Dr. *Slop*.

I am no wiser than I was, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—returning his pipe into his mouth.—Then let the corporal go on, said my father, with his medical lecture.—The corporal made a bow to his old friend, Dr. *Slop*, and then delivered his opinion concerning radical heat and radical moisture, in the following words.

C H A P. XL.

THE city of *Limerick*, the siege of which was begun under his Majesty King *William* himself, the year after I went into the army—lies, an' please your honours, in the middle of a devilish wet, swampy country.—'Tis quite surrounded, said my uncle

Toby, with the *Shannon*, and is, by its situation one of the strongest fortified places in *Ireland*.——

I think this is a new fashion, quoth *Dr. Slop*, of beginning a medical lecture.—'Tis all true, answered *Trim*.——Then I wish the faculty would follow the cut of it, said *Yorick*.—'Tis all cut through, an' please your reverence, said the corporal, with drains and bogs; and besides, there was such a quantity of rain fell during the siege, the whole country was like a puddle,—twas that, and nothing else, which brought on the flux, and which had like to have killed both his honour and myself; now there was no such thing after the first ten days, continued the corporal, for a soldier to lie dry in his tent, without cutting a ditch round it, to draw off the water;—nor was that enough, for those who could afford it, as his honour could, without setting fire every night to a pewter dish full of brandy; which took off the damp of the air, and made the inside of the tent as warm as a stove.——

And what conclusion dost thou draw, Corporal *Trim*, cried my father, from all these premises?

I infer, an' please your worship, replied *Trim*, that the radical moisture is nothing in the world but ditch-water—and that the radical heat of those who can go to the expence of it, is burnt brandy—the radical heat and moisture of a private man, an' please your honours, is nothing but ditch-water—and a dram of geneva—and give us but enough of it, with a pipe of tobacco, to give us spirits, and drive away the vapours—we know not what it is to fear death.

I am at a loss, Captain *Shandy*, quoth *Dr. Slop*, to determine in which branch of learning your servant shines most, whether in physiology, or divinity.—*Slop* had not forgot *Trim*'s comment upon the sermon.—

It is but an hour ago, replied *Yorick*, since the corporal was examined in the latter, and passed muster with great honour.——

The radical heat and moisture, quoth Doctor *Slop*, turning to my father, you must know is the basis and foundation of our being,—as the root of a tree is the
source

source and principle of its vegetation.—It is inherent in the seeds of all animals, and may be preserved sundry ways, but principally in my opinion by *consubstantials*, *impriments*, and *occludents*.—Now this poor fellow, continued Dr. Slop, pointing to the corporal, has had the misfortune to have heard some superficial empiric discourse upon this nice point.—That he has,—said my father.—Very likely, said my uncle.—I'm sure of it—quoth *Yorick*.—

C H A P. XLI.

DOCTOR Slop being called out to look at a cataplasm he had ordered, it gave my father an opportunity of going on with another chapter in the *Trisstra-pædia*—Come! chear up, my lads; I'll shew you land—for when we have tugged through that chapter, the book shall not be opened again this twelve-month—Huzza!—

C H A P. XLII.

—FIVE years with a bib under his chin;

Four years in travelling from Christ-cross-row to *Malachi*;

A year and a half in learning to write his own name;

Seven long years and more rummaging it, at Greek and Latin;

Four years at his *probations* and his *negations*—the fine statue still lying in the middle of the marble block, —and nothing done, but his tools sharpened to hew it out!—'Tis a piteous delay!—Was not the great *Julius Scaliger* within an ace of never getting his tools sharpened at all?—Forty-four years old was he before he could manage his Greek;—and *Peter Damianus*, lord bishop of *Ostia*, as all the world knows, could not so much as read, when he was of man's estate.—

And *Baldus* himself, as eminent as he turned out after, entered upon the law so late in life, that every
body

body imagined he intended to be an advocate in the other world: no wonder, when *Eudamidas*, the son of *Archidamas*, heard *Xenocrates* at seventy five disputing about wisdom, that he asked gravely,—*If the old man be yet disputing and enquiring concerning wisdom—what time will he have to make use of it?*

Yorick listened to my father with great attention; there was a seasoning of wisdom unaccountably mixed up with his strangest whims, and he had sometimes such illuminations in the darkest of his eclipses, as almost atoned for them: be wary, Sir, when you imitate him,

I am convinced, *Yorick*, continued my father, half reading and half discoursing, that there is a north west passage to the intellectual world; and that the soul of man has shorter ways of going to work, in furnishing itself with knowledge and instruction, than we generally take with it.—But alack! all fields have not a river or spring running besides them;—every child, *Yorick!* has not a parent to point it out.

—The whole entirely depends, added my father, in a low voice, upon the *auxiliary verbs*, Mr. *Yorick*.

Had *Yorick* trod upon *Virgil's* snake, he could not have looked more surpris'd.—I am surpris'd too, cried my father, observing it,—and I reckon it as one of the greatest calamities which ever beset the republick of letters. That those who have been entrusted with the education of our children, and whose business it was to open their minds, and stock them early with ideas, in order to set the imagination loose upon them, have made so little use of the *auxiliary verbs* in doing it, as they have done——So that, except *Raymond Lullinus*, and the elder *Pelegrini*, the last of which arrived to such perfection in the use of 'em, with his topics, that in a few lessons, he could teach a young gentleman to discourse with plausibility upon any subject, *pro* and *con*, and to say and write all that could be spoken or written concerning it, without blotting a word, to the admiration of all who beheld him.—I should be glad, said *Yorick*, interrupting my father,

to

to be made to comprehend this matter. You shall, said my father.

The highest stretch of improvement a single word is capable of, is a high metaphor,—for which, in my opinion, the idea is generally the worse, and not the better;—but be that as it may,—when the mind has done that with it—there is an end,—the mind and the idea are at rest,—until a second idea enters;—and so on.

Now the use of the *Auxiliaries* is, at once to set the soul a going by herself upon the materials as they are brought her; and by the versability of this great engine, round which they are twisted, to open new tracks of enquiry, and make every idea engender millions.

You excite my curiosity greatly, said *Yorick*.

For my own part, quoth my uncle *Toby*, I have given it up — ‘The *Danes*, an’ please your honour, quoth the corporal, who were on the left at the siege of *Limerick*, were all auxiliaries.—And very good ones, said my uncle *Toby*.—But the auxiliaries, *Trim*, my brother is talking about,—I conceive to be different things.——

—You do? said my father, rising up.

C H A P. XLIII.

MY father took a single turn across the room, then sat down and finished the chapter.

The verbs auxiliary we are concerned in here, continued my father, are, *am*; *was*; *have*; *had*; *do*; *did*; *make*; *made*; *suffer*; *shall*; *should*; *will*; *would*; *can*; *could*; *owe*; *ought*; *used*; or *is wont*.—And these varied with tenses, *present*, *past*, *future*, and conjugated with the verb *see*,—or with these questions added to them;—*Is it?* *Was it?* *Will it be?* *Would it be?* *May it be?* *Might it be?* And these again put negatively, *Is it not?* *Was it not?* *Ought it not?* Or affirmatively—*It is*; *It was*; *It ought to be*, Or chronologically—*Has it been always?* *Lately?* *How long*

long ago?—Or hypothetically,—*If it was; if it was not?* What would follow?—If the *French* should beat the *English*? If the *Sun* go out of the *Zodiac*?

Now by the right use and application of these, continued my father, in which a child's memory should be exercised, there is no one idea can enter his brain how barren soever, but a magazine of conceptions and conclusions may be drawn forth from it.—Did'st thou ever see a white bear? cried my father, turning his head round to *Trim*, who stood at the back of his chair:—No, an' please your honour, replied the corporal.—But thou could'st discourse about one, *Trim*, said my father, in case of need?—How is it possible, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*, if the corporal never saw one?—'Tis the fact I want, replied my father,—and the possibility of it, is as follows.

A WHITE BEAR! Very well. Have I ever seen one? Might I ever have seen one? Am I ever to see one? Ought I ever to have seen one? Or can I ever see one?

Would I had seen a white bear? (for how can I imagine it?)

If I should see a white bear, what should I say? If I should never see a white bear, what then?

If I never have, can, must or shall see a white bear alive; have I ever seen the skin of one? Did I ever see one painted?—described? Have I never dreamed of one?

Did my father, mother, uncle, aunt, brothers or sisters, ever see a white bear? What would they give? How would they behave? How would the white bear have behaved? Is he wild? Tame? Terrible? Rough? Smooth?

—Is the white bear worth seeing?—

—Is there no sin in it?—

Is it better than a BLACK ONE?

END of the FIFTH VOLUME.

